

## How To Train Your Sherlock

by Flame The Dragon Rider

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Summary: Well, another day, Sherlock bored, John annoyed (at Sherlock) and then something strange happens and Sherlock is suddenly, for the first time ever, out of his comfort zone. John settles in well, but Sherlock, well, let's just say he's not really himself...

## How To Train Your Sherlock

### Chapter 1: Naughty

As told by Dr John H Watson, acquaintance and friend of Mr Sherlock Holmes, Consulting Detective.

"Sherlock, you know it was completely unnecessary." I complained as I stopped the door with my hand and followed him into the apartment, 221B Baker Street.

"What was so unnecessary about it?" He said, clearly annoyed at my ramblings.

"They're the authorities and it's usually best not to show them up."

"And? They are going to have to face the facts eventually. They know I'm smarter than them."

"But Sherlock-"

"John!" I fell silent as he whipped around and stared me in the eye.

I pulled away from the almost hypnotic gaze, hoping for something to eat. I was about to open the fridge, but I remembered at the last minute. Instead, I went to a cupboard and took out a tin of beans. I opened the tin and put it in the old battered microwave.

Meanwhile, Sherlock had grabbed a pile of newspapers and sat himself on his armchair. He pulled a small wriggling dragon from his pocket and flung it onto the couch.

I watched out of the corner of my eye as she snarled and caught herself in midair. I was filled with the old feeling of wonder I had felt the first day I had moved in with Sherlock Holmes.

I remembered her watching me with warily curious emerald green eyes, not scared but not comfortable around me either. That had changed within the first week and she was soon as much my lap-dragon as she was Sherlock's.

She flapped lazily up to the worktop and lay down, facing her back to Sherlock.

Sherlock suddenly snorted in amusement and flung 'The Times' over his shoulder for me to read.

I picked it up.

"Page 48, second column."

I followed his directions and started to read.

\_'At 18:30 last Thursday morning Violet Paget (27) was admitted to a mental hospital after calling the emergency services and reporting a dragon in her bedroom. Violet was petrified and wouldn't speak to anyone. Her exact location will remain unknown.'\_

Now it was my turn to laugh.

I put the newspaper on the worktop in front of the dragon.

She skimmed her eyes over the column and looked guiltily up at me.

**\*\*So, that was the first chapter.\*\***

**\*\*Now, a few things I want to address;\*\***

**\*\*Sherlock's dragon doesn't have a name, but she will be getting one later on in this story.\*\***

**\*\*I'm in Italy at time of writing.\*\***

**\*\*I wrote Sherlock thirteen times in this chapter, including this last message.\*\***

**\*\*These chapters will most probably be short, but bear with me!\*\***

**\*\*So yeah.\*\***

**\*\*That's about it.\*\***

End  
file.